

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07603120 6







Wm. Tallard, Esq.
Little cousin Biggs.

CAROLS OF WENTWORTH;

OR,

SONGS OF THE OLD DOMINION.

Ut vellem his potius nugis, tota illa dedisset,
Tempora sævitiæ. JUV.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed by W. L. Drane & Co.
1836.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1897.

Entered according to act of Congress, by Ben
Battaile, in the year 1836, in the Clerk's Offic
District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylv

PREFACE.

In presenting the following Poems for perusal in book form, the Author fears that he has almost encroached on the true principles of that "divine art;" for, to say the least, "a book is a book, though there is nothing in it." But, when he considers that no pretensions are made, and that "the want of consideration made him an author, and the want (perhaps) of a proper discretion makes him publish what he has written," he hopes, that (whatever may be their destiny) he will not be accused of presumption in now presenting them to the reader.



EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

"There must be a dedication," said the Publisher. "Do you think so?" replied the Author. "Certainly!" "But—why, as to that, sir, a dedication is but a dedication—it means nothing more than"——"True, it is nothing more than asking a favour, or admitting an obligation." "But, suppose the one not to be needed, nor the other to exist?" "Why, sir, it is customary." "Ah! why did you not say so at first? Custom must be obeyed—or, rather, the fashion of the day be followed. I racked my brain to think of some great man, to whom I owed something, or of whom I could concientiously ask a favour; but, thanks to my evil stars, memory could call up no such character. To whom, then, must I dedicate? to whom else than to thyself, gentle reader? you, who will follow me from this our starting place, to the end? you, who give me a perusal, and for whom I have most especially written, can, doubtless, judge of my efforts, and pardon, if not extenuate, their defects.

Now, gentle reader, I shall ask you a question: What think you of the attempt? I ask this, when, in all human probability, I shall never receive an answer. But, what must be thought of an American, who can dare to write American poems in America, after what has been, and what, in all probability, will be hereafter. The inference is striking. The anti-poetical spirit of our people, has been sufficiently tested; example has proved, that experiments of this kind are worse than useless. Let whatever may be thought, however, between us, kind reader, there shall linger a spell, thought, or memory—that, if ever I shall call back, in days to come, the remembrance of these my earlier efforts, memory shall call up her charms to imbue me with those pleasing associations. Nor in taking leave of you, and of the muse, can I refrain from regretting (however inappropriate) that other cause which must ever make the latter a broken spell in memory's waste.

In subscribing myself, then, with all due respect, I will not regret (whatever may become of this production) in having the pleasure of remaining, very respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, January, 1836.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
British Tourists,	9
Epistle To Z. M. P. P., Esq.	14
Portrait of Beauty,	16
Enigma,	17
To ———.	18
Anacreontique,	19
Summer's Departure,	20
Song,	21
The Grave of a Poet,	22
The Parting Draught,	23
The First and Last Look,	24
Anacreontique,	25
Song,	26
Lines on Leaving West Point,	27
To———.	28
Stanzas,	29
To Lillia,	30
The Spirit's Whisper,	31
Song,	32
Hope,	33
To ———.	34
To ———.	35
The Humming Bird,	36
The Episode,	37
Song,	41
The Courtship,	42
Stanzas To ———.	43
Lines on Leaving Home,	44

Lines, ...
Song, ...
Pedouski's Adeiu, ...
To Lillia, ...
Extract from Eden, ...
Friends of Earlier Years, ...
Song.
Stanzas To ———.
Song, ...
Song, ...
Song, ...
Our Own Native Land, ...
Love and Friendship, ...
To ———.
Stanzas, ...
Some Loves, ...
Stanzas, ...
Sonnet, ...
Lines on the Fall of Poland, ...
Impromptu, ...
Impromptu, ...
To ———.
Stanzas, ...
From the Greek, ...
Fragment, ...
Enigma, ...
Stanzas, ...
To ———.
Sonnet, ...
To ———.

CAROLS OF WENTWORTH;

OR,

SONGS OF THE OLD DOMINION.

BRITISH TOURISTS AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

A SATIRE.

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala.—*Juvenal.*

Let Grub-street poets, and Britannia's muse,
Columbia slander, and our theme abuse;
Let British subjects read in English verse,
Our country's manners, and Britannia's curse;
Their vice our gain, the debt we here redeem,
Their books our motto, and their curse our theme.

Harp of Britannia, o'er thy bright domain,
Since worth has lost its glory and its reign—
Since Vice stalks on with falsehood at his heels,
Turning, as he turns, and wheeling as he wheels;
Beating full up the tripple steep to fame,
And seeks a glory while it seeks a name.
Since man has lost in these degenerate days,
Impartial censure, and unbiased praise,
I woo thee not, nor seek thy rural shade—
Ask not thy favours, nor invoke thy aid.

Immortal Justice, goddess of our land,
I know thy worth, and woo thy magic wand;
Since chains and slavery o'er Britannia lower,
The might of empire, and the wealth of power—
A nation of freeman, a name without the thing,
Slaves to their lords, a people and their king;
Since thy twin sister, Liberty, has flown
From Europe's hapless countries, to our own,
Thy islet home thy empire yet shall be,
From wrongs secure, far o'er the deep blue sea;
Here, in our own Columbia, here afar,
From nations' wrongs, Europa's polar star;
In thy loved land of freedom e'er shall dwell,
Full many a sandal shoon and scollop shell;

But not, oh, not the power here given,
To sing thy praise, immortal maid of heaven!
Thy worth, thy glory, thy country, all demand
A nobler lyre, and a bolder hand;
Yet shall thy stern decree our theme engage,
Flow in our verse, and dazzle on our page,
Shield in its proper place a land outlawed,
And meet to each brigand his due reward.
My purpose here discretion illy brooks,
It is to speak of vice and English books;
Of British tourists, who hawk with wondrous tale,
Our country's manners, and their books for sale:
Oh! muse satiric, now our voice inspire,
To sing of Fiddler's wrath, and Trollope's ire;
To give the lash to each ungenerous cur,
Displace the slander, and remove the slur.

There was, in olden days, ere wrath began
To wield its magic influence over man—
A time, ere vice, with various tricks of art,
Had learnt to warp the mind, or mould the heart;
When man lived free, with toils unconfined—
Free to exert the hand, or tax the mind;
But hopes grew dark, that hour soon had fled,
Man, in dismay, and silent, raised his head;

The heavens murmured, the earth shrunk back,
and, oh!
Eden's bright garden bloomed, to smile no more;
Blanched was the lilly, and the smiling rose—
Knowledge went forward, with her thousand woes;
The wanderer, man, now quits his silvan shade,
Sad o'er the cheerless waste, and books were made;
Books, of all things, the vilest, or the best,
Adorning virtue, or of vice possessed;
A light that brightly shined, now dimly burns,
Schooling or teaching good and bad by turns;
Their worth, their value, we know too well,
But their misuse let truthful Fiddler tell;
Books are for knowledge, pens are dangerous tools,
Though lent to children, never meant for fools;
This anxiom told, thou, Fiddler, will attest,
Kemble and Trollope will receive the rest.

Then see Britannia sending on our shores,
A troop of beggars, and a herd of bores—
A motly crowd, of every hue and shape,
From London scribes to Semigambia's ape;
And, 'mongst that crowd, at every turn we catch
A British tourist, and an English sketch;
A reverend parson, who would manners teach,
Despising virtue, yet condemned to preach;

In vice and folly passing off the day,
And lives and riots on a curate's pay;
Nor less the broadsword hero's polished hilt,
A sheath of iron, and a sword of guilt;
Garbles and garbled, that he frequent talks
Of having ate with silver knives and forks:
Here, but oh! I've nearly got the fetches,
'Tis Alexander's transatlantic sketches;
Like crimes outrageous, coming from afar,
From time to time, to prove that such there are;
Disgusting frivolities, fooleries, and so forth,
Disproved by many—not believed on oath.
Last, if not least, the little great bow wow,
Once Fanny Kemble—Fanny Butler now;
Oh, Fanny Kemble! Fanny Kemble, oh!
As Jemmy Thomson said in times of yore;
Poor Fanny Kemble—Fanny Kemble, oh!
In truth I know not, but in fact a bore;
List, all ye senates—stop, ye winds of heaven,
Receive with due respect the present given;
Hear all ye people, you must mend your ways,
Ere Fanny Kemble can accord you praise.
My task is done, if task it was forsooth,
To censure folly, and relate the truth.

Next, when on vice to speak, of books and men,
Just wait, dear reader, till I mend my pen.

EPISTLE TO Z. M. P. P., ESQ.

When we parted, to meet with the sun of to-morrow,
And days, undefined, in succession to follow,
Even then I would feel a regret or a pain,
Which was soonly dispelled by your presence again.

But oft has the light of that orb died away,
Since we were permitted to hallow the day;
Of a meeting, when time with festivities flew,
And joys were all the fair prospects we knew.

Dear P., the days that have gone, can no more
Be recalled, with the joys that have fleeted away;
'Tis sweet to reflect on the past, and restore
In a trance of the spirit, those moments' decay.

At twilight, when earth, with her charms and her flowers,
In nature, more blissful, each beauty endears;

How sweet to reflect on the days that were ours,
When we passed them with friends of our earlier years!

How sweet to reflect on our boyhood's young joys,
When the fresh buoyant spirit brooked all control;
And gaze through the mist that the present alloys,
Reflect on its power, or list to its roll.

How sweet to reflect on the friends that are far,
Far, far from the bright scenes whose beauties are o'er;
And in memory reflect on the joys that were,
Tho' those joys and pleasures shall charm us no more.

But we will not reflect on those joys departed,
For the days that have fleeted have endlessly flown;
Or check, without sorrow, the tears that are started,
When we find us, ere manhood, in the wide world alone.

THE PORTRAIT OF BEAUTY.

In the festive throng she stands,
Blooming as the early morn,
When its purest sky expands
Beauties o'er the smiling lawn.

On that cheek the blooming rose
Revels in the morning dew;
On that shoulder sweetly flows
The curl in beauty's brightest hue.

To that eye's retiring splendour,
Nature lends the diamond's tinge;
And those lashes, soft and slender,
Shadow forth the softest fringe.

In that bosom's soft recesses,
Affection's sweetest charms are pent;
To those gently flowing tresses,
Beauty's brightest smile is lent.

Of the sylph-like grace,
Language lacks the power to tell;
Thou canst flit from place to place,
Agile as the wild gazelle.

But greatly to those charms comparing,
Are the beauties of that mind;
When vainly to its effort daring,
The muse shall now her task resign.

Yet, oh! in nature's witchery caught,
Shall recollections brightly gleam;
And, in fancy deeply fraught,
Shall memory twine her fondest dream.

ENIGMA.

Death is my whole—affection is my part—
Life is my lot, from which 'tis sad to part;
Brightness and glory shine around me ever,
Man is my shrine from whom I'm doom'd to sever;
Glory and pleasure remain for me on high,
Mortals who use me, tell me, who am I?

TO ——.

That I've loved thee long and dearly,
Thou, perhaps, may ne'er have known;
Yet the heart that loved thee early,
Still revibrates all thy own.

Years have rolled since youthful pleasure
Saw us bounding o'er the lea,
When my softest, sweetest pleasure,
Was a look, a smile from thee.

Yet my memory scenes recalleth,
And their joys still are bright
As the days that softly fleeted,
When our hopes and hearts were light.

Thou art all this heart can fancy,
All that dreams of love can tell;
And the years that roll'd between us,
Told me that I loved the well.

Still, oh, still these dreams continue,
Still this heart and hand are thine;
And when ere this offering greets you,
Fairest, 'tis a note of mine.

ANACREONTIQUE.

When I see thy face of love,
Smiling as the stars above;
When I see with love exprest,
Beauty on thy fairy brest;
When I see that heavenly eye,
Peerless as the morning sky;
My bosom swells, and rude dismay
Disperseth every thought away;
Sounds of raging storms I hear
Thundering in my trembling ear;
Clouds of lurid flames on high,
Sparkle in my weeping eye;
Whilst every pulse forgets its play,
And senses fleet and fade away.

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

'Tis pensive to list from the bower at evening,
To the summer's sweet mocking attuning its lay;
Or view from yon window the yellow leaf streaming,
As the beauties of summer in sadness decay.

'Tis pensive to list to the zephyr's soft whisper,
When, with soft plaintive sighing, it steals on the ear;
'Tis pensive to list to the soft murmur's stealing,
When the beauties of summer in sadness appear.

'Tis pensive to sit near the banks of yon streamlet,
And see the wild bird with its swift pinions dart;
'Tis pensive to view rock, mountain, and valley,
When the beauties of summer in sadness depart.

SONG.

Here, take this harp, its chords, when strung,
May sound sweet lays to thee;
But now its softest tones, when sung,
Sound dismal notes to me.

The harp once sung in the blissful bower,
When each pleasure encompassed the lea—
And its chords, when strung, re-echos the hour
Of those pleasures I witnessed with thee.

That hour is gone, and the beam that shone,
Shall bring sad thoughts to me;
For ever, in life's dark journey alone,
Its notes shall remind me of thee.

Then, take this harp, its chords, when strung,
May sound sweet lays to thee;
But now its softest tones, when sung,
Sound dismal notes to me.

THE GRAVE OF A POET.

Fare thee well, thou bard of roses,
Charms of love and bliss were thine;
Softly now your lute reposes
Beneath yon sweetly flowing vine.

Farewell! and may its tendrils long
Wreath the memory of thy days;
And the muses' sweetest song
Adorn thy memory with their lays.

'Twas thine to sing, with poet's fire,
All that's lovely, all that's bright;
And to call the sacred lyre
From Pernasses' sacred height.

Farewell! and, oh, be love your portion,
Thou, who sung its charms so sweet;
And for e'er be that devotion,
When in other worlds we meet.

Long as flows the bowl with wine—
Long as beauty has a bloom—
As long shall beauty's wreath entwine
Around her sweetest poet's tomb.

THE PARTING DRAUGHT.

Fill high the bowl, and, ere we part,
A parting draught to thee;
And take this offering, with my heart,
Though poor the gift may be.

Though doomed to roam o'er deserts wild,
Or ocean's boundless sea,
My treasured hope's serenest smile,
Will be of love and thee.

Then fill the bowl, and, ere we part,
A parting draught to thee;
And take this offering, with my heart,
Though poor the gift may be.

My brightest hopes, thy plighted vow,
The sparkling bowl declare;
Be constant they—still lovely thou,
Is all this heart can dare.

THE FIRST AND LAST LOOK.

Though the ruby may glow on thy cheek,
And beauties encompass thy brow,
Fair maiden, thou never wilt speak
To the mortal who looks at thee now.

I caught from thy eye-beam a ray,
Which, wafting its 'semblance above,
Seems softly and sweetly to say,
Its meanings are tokens of love.

Thy bosom discovers no sigh,
Thy pulses forget not their play;
And declare through the beam of thine eye,
What thy heart may be wishing to say.

It speaks to me moment of bliss,
And acknowledges freely consent;
To the coveted balm of a kiss,
As swiftly its beauties are sent.

It conveys the allusions of joy,
And of hours when pleasures shall tell,
Unseared by the crude of alloy,
The treasures of love's early spell.

But the coachman's resuming his rein;
I'll give thee my parting adieu;
For remembrance shall tell me, though vain,
'Twas the first and last look of you.

Stage Coach, New Jersey, June 7th, 1832.

ANACREONTIQUE.

I have thee, and I have thee not,
Sweetest, though I have forgot
What it was I meant to write,
But I'll another thought indite:
Was it of dreams and burning kisses,
Budding charms and heavenly blisses?
Was it of hours softly stealing—
All our pleasure, all our feeling?
Was it of bowers brightly blending,
Where Beauty all her charms are lending?
Was it of dreams of love the sweetest,
Where Cupid flies with wings the fleetest?
It was—and I at length have caught
In cheerful mood my fleeting thought.

SONG.

O'er the hills and blooming meads,
With Charlie, my bosom's best friend,
As the pure light of day from the valley recedes,
My step o'er the heather I bend.

'Twas Charlie, the first of all the gay throng,
That singled me out for his bride;
On Charlie, my thoughts are affixed the day long,
With pleasure, affection, and pride.

For, bright as the prospect that lingers behind,
When the pure sky of morn fades away,
Are the dreams that so sweetly conveys to my mind,
The charms of a holier day.

Then over the hills and flowery meads,
With Charlie, my bosom's best friend,
As the pure light of day from the valley recedes,
My steps o'er the heather I bend.

LINES ON LEAVING WEST POINT.

Farewell to thee, land of the mountain,
Long, long may thy beauties recline
O'er thy pale cliffs, and soft flowing fountain,
Which the lily and wild rose entwine.

Farewell to thee, scenes of my boyhood,
And long be your beauties renewed,
To restore to my mind the remembrance
Of duties so early pursued.

Farewell to thee, friends of my bosom,
And to all, for I leave not a foe;
And long, then, soft flowing Hudson,
May their studies illume thy shore.

Farewell to thee, white smiling cottage;
Farewell to bower and tree;
And, oh! fair maid of the Highlands,
Farewell, for ever, to thee!

TO ——.

Maiden, farewell,
For ever, to thee!
And, oh! when at twilight
You stroll o'er the lea,
Think of the hours
That fleeted by thee,
When the charms of thy beauty
Were showered on me.

Maiden, farewell!
And oh! when the bower
Bewitchingly blooms,
And the rose is in flower,
Remember the time
That we joyfully stole,
When the dreams of the spirit
Encompassed the soul.

Maiden, farewell!
And long may the rose,
That illumined thy cheek,
In its beauty repose;

All health to the bower,
And bright o'er the lea,
Be the pride of its flower
That blossomed for me.

Maiden, farewell!
And bright as the beam
That glistens by moonlight
O'er Hudson's bright stream,
Is the beauty that dwells
From the rude world secure,
In the rock-covered valley
On Hudson's wild shore.

STANZAS.

Tho' fleeting the glance, oh, heavens, how bright
The enrapturing beam as it shone!
I looked, but sickened, and shrunk at the sight,
My heart was asunder, and torn.

I gazed for awhile in a trance of the soul,
And thought of the days that were passed;
I dreamt of the hours which fleetingly stole,
But I knew that this look was my last.

TO LILLIA.

Made for sorrow, or for pleasure,
I for thee, or thou for me;
Say, my fairest, sweetest treasure,
Shall I fill my soul with thee?

Cast my lot in distant climes,
Onward o'er the dark blue sea,
Never by these idle rhymes,
Will my heart be false to thee;
And say, my fair, shall fancy beam
Yet in pleasure's early dream?

Ever fair, when prospects beaming,
Pure as beauty's brightest beam;
Ever fair, when hearts are dreaming,
True love's fondest, brightest dream.

Ever fair, when hearts revealing,
Dreams of brightest bliss above;
Ever fair, when hearts are stealing,
Thoughts of bliss, and sighs of love.

Thou wilt ever charm this bosom,
When my brightest hopes are free;
For if aught in life is pleasing,
'Tis a look or smile from thee.

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

1st. I like the roaring water-fall,
Where the streamlet throws its sprey above;
And the zephyrs to the rude winds call,
As the wild bird sounds its notes of love.

2d. I like the lonely mountain side,
With its rocky peak and winding path,
Where the wild heath blooms in its softest pride,
And the loud winds blow in their greatest wrath.

3d. I like the dark retiring dell,
Where the muses tune their lovers' lay;
And the Naids in their caverns dwell,
As the streamlet goes on its joyous way.

SONG.

'Twas evening, when lonely and pensive I strayed,
As the sun left, at sitting, a lingering ray—
Whose brightness and beauty most sweetly displayed
The languishing charms of the banks of the Tay.

All nature was silent, and sweetly the stream
That playfully rippled as gently it flowed,
Gave a fanciful view to the lingering beam,
That through the deep forest most brilliantly glowed.

I thought of the moments when fancy was free,
And the day dream of pleasure once stole on my heart;
I said, are there none whose affections for me,
Shall call up the tear-drop that flows when we part?

From the shades of the forest, an echo replied,
Though flattering the promise of mortal's first dream,
'Tis vain as the bubble that glists on the tide,
Or frail as the last ray that shines on that stream.

HOPE.

Star that guides our peaceful slumbers
To the worlds of endless bliss,
When our pulses' fleeting numbers
Tell the doubtful charms of this—

Give, oh, give me back the power
That enhanced my raptured sight,
When I gazed upon that flower
That enclosed my heart's delight!

Star that o'er the roaring ocean
Shines in danger's darkest hour,
When the bark's unsettled motion
Truckles to the raging power—

Tell me, if my brightest treasure
Looks beauteous as when hearts were free,
And I want no sweeter pleasure,
Than love, adore, and worship thee.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Come, sit in this bower again,
My sweet little sprite;
And bring in thy worshipping train,
All love and delight.

Its incense encompass the air,
And sweetly its flowerets bloom;
But, oh! not surpassing fair,
For the palm we concede to thy plume.

The coral and tulip are blown,
And each pretty flower is sweet;
Then haste where you've frequently flown,
And rest in this bower your feet.

Then sit in this bower again,
My sweet little sprite;
And bring in thy worshipping train,
All love and delight.

THE EPISODE.

A TALE.

I.

There is a time in life, when every tear,
And every bosom swells in happier mood;
There is a time, when all our hopes are dear,
And dreams delightful on our minds intrude.

There is a time, (but, ah! with me 'tis past,)
When love's young passion soothes the youthful breast;
There is a time that triumphs o'er the blast
Of stormy life, and lulls our souls to rest.

Such time there was, when, oh, at early age
I saw two beings, and of youthful mould!
To him her charms could every grief assuage,
But, ah! to her his griefs remain untold.

His looks were youthful—eighteen summers past
Had scarcely fleeted, when at first they met;
But she was still more youthful, and o'er her the blast
Of stormy life had swept more lightly yet.

Hers was the smile of beauty, and on her the beam
Of blooming charms shone in its brightest rays;
When oft alone within that breast the dream
Would mutely tell of joy's happier days.

She at that visioned dream enraptured felt
The charms of bliss, when all its scenes were new;
Beauty and worth before Love's altar knelt,
And Hope, confessing, told those dreams were true.

Ah! there the smiles of beauty brightly shone,
Beaming in joyous look from each bright eye,
Soft as we see at evening tide alone,
The calm bright scenes of autumn's peerless sky.

O'er her bright form seraphic beauties stole,
Robing the heart with love, the face in smiles;
Hers were the charms that deeply thrill the soul,
And linked with sorrow, all its woes beguiles.

He loved her dearly—she was to his heart
All that delusive dreams of life could tell;
To see her, and to be with her apart
From all beside, was what he loved too well.

His was a joyous life, and tears of early wo
Shone o'er his days of every pang bereft;
Smiles shone unclouded o'er his life, but oh!
Love's dreams, unbidden, have remembrance left—

That sears the memory at its deepest core,
And swells the soul with follies still unwept;
But, ah! those dreams belong to days of yore,
And all their charms have o'er the memory swept.

II.

There was an ancient castle, and, at evening tide,
When twilight fills the mind and soul with glee,
Within that roof, and seated by her side,
In mood unpictured and untold was he.

Oh! who could paint that scene, that charm, that bliss—
His was the soul of rapture, not of pain;
Scenes may have been more bright, but this
Was one that, fleeting, ne'er can be again.

Oh! ye who weep the time that passing flies,
When naught is left behind to trace its course,
Throw for awhile from memory's bier the guise,
And feel the present in its power and force.

Time does not lag, and, whilst years may roll
Unchanged, unceasing, and without a smile,
A few short moments, and the dreams are told
That gives to stormy life its darkest guile.

Such was that moment—now to him its charm
Shone o'er the scene in softest, brightest beam;
And deep within his heart its soothing balm
Revived his joy, and his brightest dream.

He knelt beside her chair, but not a word
Escaped, for yet his lips remained compressed;
Moments passed on, but still, even still unheard,
His words remained within his anxious breast.

Her bosom swelled, distracting thoughts were there,
Even where the prints of beauty lingered yet;
Time sped along its heedless course, but, ah!
Its beams upon his buoyant hopes were set.

SONG.

If there be falsehood in thy heart,
Thy look the charge disclaim;
For bright and holy as thou art,
I naught in thee can blame.

Each look, each glance of thine, that said
Thy evenings are but few;
And when even every hope is fled,
Still wilt thy heart be true.

But must I yet remember then,
What naught but lovers plight—
Of vows, of broken faith, ah! when
Our hearts and hopes were light?

Still if there's falsehood in thy heart,
Thy looks that charge disclaim;
For bright and holy as thou art,
I naught in thee can blame.

THE COURTSHIP.

He sat beside her chair,
 Hopes and dreams were high;
All he held most dear,
 Now dazzled in his eye.

A sound is scarcely heard
 From him, when, oh!
With one distracting word,
 She told him no.

All earth to him was dark,
 Life but a weary way,
Cheerless and lorn—but, hark!
 A voice now seems to say—

When dreams and hopes are dead,
 'Tis mine to bless;
And, oh, the storms were fled,
 She told him yes!

STANZAS TO ——.

Who thinkest of thee?
Who that can think not?
Brightness and beauty may flee,
But thou unforgot.

Peerless and fairest shall rise
In life through each scene
Still unimpairing the prize,
For what thou hast been.

Who thinkest of thee?
'Twere needless to say,
Since brightness and beauty may flee,
Unregretted, away.

But, never, oh, never shall thou
Be removed from my heart!
For, dearly and purely as now,
Still be thou its part.

Then fairest though earth and the ocean
Shall be severed to hope's last degree,
May the beat of my heart's best emotion,
Be an offering of love, and to thee.

LINES ON LEAVING HOME.

Hie away, hie away,
Sweet home of love and truth,
My course is far away,
From the scenes of early youth.

Though the rose, bewitching, smiles,
And the maiden's heart is light,
Farewell, my fate beguiles,
My bonny home, good night.

Hie away, hie away,
To the scenes of stormy life,
Where the bugle tunes its lay,
And the play is fearless strife.

Bright smiles I oft may see,
All regardless to my sight,
Farewell, to love and thee,
My bonny home, good night.

Hie away, hie away,
For the boatswain, piping, blows;
And the beam of ocean's spray,
Like an eagle, proudly soars.

On the ocean, as this heart,
Loud waves and billows swell,
And though 'tis sad so soon to part,
My bonny home, farewell, farewell!

LINES.

One moment I gazed on that form,
Its beauty was bright;
But the next, like wind in the storm,
It flew from my sight.

For a moment its witchery came
Like a shaft to my soul;
But the joy and light of its flame,
Soothingly stole.

One moment I thought of those charms,
Love's dreaming was bright;
But the next I bade her, at parting,
Forever, good night!

SONG.

Oh, why should thy bosom of pleasure be reft,
At remembrance that steals on the mind?
For the dream that hath faded, though fleeting, hath left
An endearment more soothing behind.

Each moment that tells me of hours gone by,
Reminds me of hours that yet
May be cheerful and pleasing, as the hour when I
First hallowed the day that we met.

For, dearest, the remembrance of hours that fade,
Though bereft of the charms of their bliss,
May be cheered by the dreams that memory hath made,
Or be soothed by the pleasures of this.

Then let not thy bosom of pleasure be reft,
At remembrance that steals on the mind,
For the dreams that hath faded, tho' fleeting, hath left
An endearment more soothing behind.

PEDOUSKI'S ADIEU.

AIR—*Donald, the Pride of Dumblain.*

Blest was the hour when Poland attempted
To wrench from the tyrant her freedom again,
But long, in the breast of her sons, be lamented
The cause that hath told me the efforts were vain.

Though oft in thy service my sword I have drawn,
And yet in this bosom still dearest thou art,
Since thy glory is faded, and freedom is gone,
Adieu to thee, Poland, for now we must part:
Adieu to thee, Poland, adieu to thee, Poland,
Adieu to thee, Poland, thou pride of my heart.

Yet thou art my country, and I thought I should never
Be doomed from thy fair land for ever to part;
In peril, or danger, or safety, as ever,
Be the cause of thy freedom engraved on my heart:
Then, farewell my children, my country, adieu!
As thou art in slavery, why am I alive—

Since my sword and my buckler be no longer due,
The scenes of thy slavery I cannot survive:
Adieu to thee, Poland, adieu to thee, Poland,
Adieu to thee, Poland, thou pride of my heart.

TO LILLIA.

Take the verse, and if it brings thee
Weal or wo, or bliss or pain,
Bear it, and if sorrow wrings thee,
Listen to its lonely strain.

Sad the thought, but, oh, if joy
Blooms to print one beauty there,
In pleasure, mirth, or love's alloy,
Thou shalt in its joys share.

Take the verse, and, oh, if gladness
Leaves one votary in its train,
Betrothed to bless, to joy, or sadness,
We will not have sung in vain.

EXTRACT FROM EDEN.

A POEM.

He spake, and quick at his command
Forth ushering forth broad fields and lakes expand,
The heavens illume, the air appears, and earth,
Moulded in beauty, struggles into birth;
The flowers assume their form, and charms pervade,
The skies their beauty, and the trees their shade;
The birds their notes, the rills their wonted way,
As charms primeval hail the new-born day;
All earth without was beauty, all was new,
From mountain's brow, to valley's lowly side;
From where the streams their wayward course pursue,
To ocean's caves where lofty billows glide.

* * * * *

The beasts now revel on the enamelled plain,
And charms, perpetual, cheer the bright domain;
The tree puts forth its leaves, the herb its balm,
The earth its freshness, and the flower its charm;
The shrub its beauty, and the bird its lay,
As blissful beauties bloom the live long day.

But o'er that earth, and long withdrawing vale,
Ere evening's shade to morning charms prevail—
Ere from his first proud course the sun is set,
To earth's brightest form, an heir is wanting yet;
Nature, in joy, learns the scenes to scan,
And knows, from secret cause, that heir is man;
Man is not made—his great Creator's laws,
Unformed in part, is yet a doubtful cause;
He ponders in power, nor yet afflicts the earth
With life's ungenerous heir, and mortal's birth;
He takes the earth, and moulds the shapeless clay,
Man, youthful man, beholds the new-born day,
With eyes of joy, and with thoughts unknown,
He looks o'er Eden, and beholds his own;
Eden receives him, charms' primeval joy
Beams in his breast, as yet without alloy;
But still, like one in after days alone,
Cheerless and sad he roams the earth unknown;
Till sleep comes o'er the youth, and, fair as years
In childhood's happier hour, a form appears;
Grace in her step, and joy from on high,
Beams in her look, and dazzles in her eye;
Charms on her brow, delighting for to trace—
Blooms on her cheek, and beauty in her face,
She stood on earth, of earth the brightest flower
That yet had bloomed in Eden's fairy bower;

he youth awoke, and joy filled his soul,
truggling and strong his feelings brook control;
easure in his veins, sensations in his breast,
aised in his heart emotions unsuppressed;
one of my bone, he said, thy birth
all glad my being, and adorn the earth!

FRIENDS OF EARLIER YEARS.

When stillness softly takes
Its course o'er field and tree,
And twilight sweetly wakes
Sweet sounds o'er heath and lea—

How oft our dreams portray
Scenes of earlier hopes and fears;
Things that flit and fade away,
Like friends of earlier years.

So, like its summer flowers,
Life's hope its dreams portray
The themes of earlier hours,
When hopes and hearts were gay.

SONG.

Touch not thy lute, for, though sweetly
You sang in the vine-covered bower,
Or never again be repeated
Those murmurs in twilight's soft hour.

They bring the remembrance of moments,
Of the memory of hope's early ray;
Of pleasure and bliss that were pleasing,
But of bliss that has faded away.

They tell me of dreams that have fleeted,
Of images loved even yet;
Of pleasures I earlier greeted,
And of charms I can never forget.

Then touch not thy lute, for, though sweetly
You sang in the vine-covered bower,
Oh! never again be repeated
Those murmurs in twilight's soft hour.

STANZAS TO ——.

I will not regret, though you greatly deceived me,
For the feelings that pained me shall pain me no more;
I but only regret that you, doubting, believed me,
Ere time and reflection your love could restore.

No, I will not regret, and but pray that be ours
The lot where no envy nor malice be sown;
And that time, when it brings us but happier hours,
That those hours be such as have already flown.

For the dreams that in childhood our young bosoms greeted,
When no sorrow afforded its tear or its pain,
Let those dreams be recalled, let those tears be repeated,
And I ask not of memory its chalice again.

For, dearest, believe me, tho' earth and tho' ocean
May shrink from this world and their places regain,
The heart that has mastered love's truest emotion,
May praise, may admire, but loves not again.

SONG.

Fill the goblet, all decked with fresh roses,
Let each bosom be joyous to night;
Whilst the bower in silence reposes,
Bid the revel flow on with delight.

Pour the wine, pour the wine in the goblet,
The sparkling, the white flowing wine;
Be each bosom ligh-hearted and merry,
As the goblet the roses entwine.

Here's a health to the fair and the lovely;
Here's a health to the fate that beguiles;
Here's a health to the girl of my bosom,
Ah! a health to the beauty that smiles.

Pour the wine, pour the wine in the goblet,
The sparkling, the white flowing wine;
Be each bosom light-hearted and merry,
As the goblet the roses entwine,

Here's a health to the past and the future,
And a double health, Fancy, to thee;
Here's a health to the lovely young maiden
Who trips it so soft o'er the lea.

SONG.

Rest in this bower,
Peerless, alone;
Soft as each flower
O'er summers hath thrown.

The tree is your awning,
On flow'rets you lie,
Fair as young morning
In summer's soft sky.

Sweet be thy sleeping,
In the soft hour,
As the humming-bird sweeping
From flower to flower.

The brooklet, in silence,
Goes limping along—
Then rest here, sweet Lillia,
And hear the bird's song.

SONG.

Then say, fair girl, you love me,
'Tis all of thee I ask;
Though mountains storm above me,
Still pleasing be the task.

Beaming be the pleasures,
Where love and bliss combine;
Though their dreams be treasures,
Still brighter far be thine.

Thine be the bliss where sorrow
Shall ne'er intrude its dart;
Though lowering be the morrow,
Love holds alone the heart.

Then say, fair girl, you love me,
'Tis all of thee I ask;
Though mountains storm above us,
Still pleasing be the task.

OUR OWN NATIVE LAND.

The muses are chanting their mimics' sweet lay,
The twilight's soft shadows are bright;
The track of the meteor has gone on its way,
And the welkin is waked with delight.

And oft from that bright twilight stealing,
Remembrance our thoughts shall remand;
For what is so sweet to our bosom's best feeling,
As the charms of our own native land.

Its scenery is pleasing, its notes shall rebound
From mountain to ocean's broad shore;
And where o'er the wide world a wanderer bound,
That does not his country adore.

As his country, his countries her charms are revealing,
Her praises, her favour, his pride to command;
For what is so sweet to our bosoms' best feeling,
As the pride of our own native land.

The exile, in sorrow, though his fortune be cast
From his childhood's bright home far away,
Shall sing to the present, or sigh to the past,
In the notes of his country's sweet lay.

In excess of his fancy, fond memory to greet,
Its beauties unrivalled shall stand;
For where, o'er the wide world, an echo so swee
As a voice from our own native land.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

AN EPIGRAM.

Love and Friendship go together,
'Neath joyous suns and radiant skies,
But in dark and fouler weather,
Love remains and Friendship flies.

Love consumes the purest hearts,
When youthful follies fill the mind,
But when blighted love departs,
And Friendship then remains behind.

Friendship dreads the force of fashion,
When disappointed, it will quail;
But Love is of that sterner passion,
That is never known to fail.

TO ——. Ellen

Why can I not forget?
When can I ever,
Blooming and lovely, thou art yet
Peerless as ever!

When, o'er the summer's bright lea,
Sweet flowers bloom,
Earth gives each a semblance of thee,
Each charm to illume:

When, o'er those bright flowers, ever
Their beauties are set,
Then and till then, oh, never
Can I forget.

Then why can I not forget?
When can I ever,
Blooming and lovely, thou art yet
Peerless as ever!

STANZAS.

They met and they parted,
In sorrow and mirth,
And the tear that was started,
Was wept at its birth;
Each bliss was a treasure,
Each bosom beat high,
But the dream of their pleasure
Was burst by a sigh.

They met and they parted,
In sadness and tears,
And in sadness and sorrow
They severed for years;
High hopes were in keeping,
But gloomy was he,
Who roamed far away
On the wide billowed sea.

They met and they parted,
Years lingered apace,
And oft did his fancy
Her loveliness trace;

Years, hours, and moments,
Even now roll away,
But, as first, when they parted,
Still parted are they.

SOME LOVES.

AN EXTRACT.

Some loves are constant, some are sadly broken,
Some love a promise, some a silent token;
Some love with bliss, and some with pain and horror,
Some loves are pleasing, some are marked with sorrow;
Some love a pretty, and some an ugly flame,
Some are defeated, and yet love the same;
Some have loved many, and are loving yet,
Some love once deeply, and can never forget;
Some loves are hard, and some are soft as cotton,
Some soon contracted, and as soon forgotten;
Some are smooth, and some are rough as scrapers,
Some love in peace, and some cut antic capers;
Some love with pleasure, joy, grief, or pain,
Some love once truly, and love not again.

STANZAS.

Adieu! oh, adieu to the scenes of my childhood,
Muse of my first love, I bid thee adieu;
Adieu to thee, hawthorn, and deep tangled wild-
wood,
longer I revel with pleasure and you.

rn fortune hath called me away from thy
dwelling—
Away from thy bright woods and green fields
I stray;
No longer to list to thy bright waters swelling,
No longer to sport in thy morn's early ray.

For the charms that delighted my bosom to woo
thee,
Have left me, and all their young pleasures are
dead;
And the memory shall call up her stores to imbue
thee,
'Tis a semblance of pleasure when pleasure is
fled.

Then no longer my reed shall resound through the gloaming,
No more be soft echos with shrill pipe and shell;
And though dark be my fortune o'er oceans when roaming,
Muse of my first love, I bid thee farewell.

SONNET.

TO PSYCHE.

Queen of roses, queen of blisses,
Give me back those fleeting kisses;
When my harp, in softest glee,
Tuned its gentlest notes to thee;
Give me back those tears beguiling,
Softly blushing, sweetly smiling;
Give me back thy bosom's treasure,
And I want no sweeter pleasure,
Than to tune, from bower or tree,
My harp's best notes to love and thee.

LINES ON THE FALL OF POLAND.

Toll for the lost,
Alas! the fight is o'er;
Lorn nation sum the cost,
Thy vallies run with gore.

No more thy banners wave
Upon thy native shore;
Thy heroes fill the grave,
Alas! the fight is o'er.

Thy greatest strength was tried,
Thy proudest sons are gone;
Their blood the plain has dyed,
Their country left forlorn.

Their bones shall cleave the sand,
Or mould beneath the deep;
And thou, alas! fair land,
Art left alone to weep.

Toll for the lost,
Fair land, the fight is o'er;
Lorn nation sum the cost,
For thou canst fight no more.

No more can freedom wave
Its beauteous flag in peace;
Thy sons are in the grave,
Thy pleasures all must cease.

Thy swords' remembered pride,
No more can soothe thy woes;
Then blushing virtue hide
The tear where sorrow flows.

The soldier, in his grave,
At last in peace shall sleep;
Thy flag no more can wave,
And thou, fair land, must weep.

IMPROMPTU.

The violets with the purple hue,
Fair girl, I have not sent you!
Tell me, then, if this will do,
Or will this note content you?
Know this, then, my lady fair,
For thy request not granting,
My reasons and excuses are,
You will not bear transplanting.

IMPROMTU.

If to see thee be such pleasure,
And to woo thee charms like this—
If to love thee brings a treasure,
And to win thee perfect bliss—

Oh! what must be possession,
Of charms more purely bright,
Where love has no transgression,
It must be heaven quite.

TO * * * * *.

Pledge me not in hall or bower,
Useless are thy pleasures now;
Tempt me not in twilight's hour,
If its rays are false as thou.

Pledge me not in sparkling bowl,
Dreams unworshipped, loves untold;
Pledge me not in joy or glee,
All thy charms are false to me.

STANZAS.

I had found out in life a behest,
I had found out a theme to pursue;
And sweet muse, I exclaimed, I'll invest
My assurance of joy with you.

But, too soon that assurance has fleeted,
Too soon its departure I mourn;
And the charm that at morning I greeted,
Has left me ere mid-day alone.

Yes, I found out a bower of roses,
Where the streamlet went sweeping along;
Where, with Lillia, when evening reposes,
I had list to the merry bird's song.

But the muse to my joy ne'er harkened,
And no more its soft murmurs be glad,
For too soonly the bower was darkened,
And the notes that endeared were sad.

FROM THE GREEK.

Come, sit in my bonny, fair bower,
And rest, for a moment, your feet;
And see where the blooms of the flower
Have built up their charming retreat.

Here the hum of the fountain diffuses,
In beauty, its soft flowing spray;
And the song of the birds, and the muses,
Have attuned to the bower their lay.

FRAGMENT.

From the lone and lofty watch-tower,
Frowning from on high,
Where the wind, with thunder's power,
Cleaves the liquid sky;
While the moon was beaming bright,
And the charms of earth were glad,
I stood, in the lonely night,
Nor were pleasures bright, but sad.

Loud from that lonely tower,
I heard the soldier's tramp,
When, in the midnight hour,
Sleep scaled the slumbering camp;
Whilst far beneath me, bold
Flowed on the Hudson's wave,
As its waters darkly rolled,
'Neath the hero's lonely grave.*

* Kosciusko's Monument.—Those who have visited West Point, (and those who have not, I would advise them, by all means, to do so,) must, doubtless, have observed the beautiful monument placed by the Cadets to the memory of the Polish hero. It stands at the northeast corner of the point, near the ruins of Fort Clinton, and seems almost to jut over the banks of the river. The Hudson here passing through the Highlands, whose broad base it cleaves to its centre, sweeps tranquilly around West Point, and goes on unimpeded to the ocean. I have thus taken the liberty of giving something of the geography of this interesting spot; the remembrance of its beautiful scenery being associated with some of the most pleasing recollections of my life.

ENIGMA.

One, like the dew-drop at morn
When beauties are bright;
The other, like spirits forlorn
In hours of night.

One, like the dreaming of bliss
When sorrows are near;
The other, the balm of a kiss
From her that is dear.

One, like the moonlight at eve
That shines on the stream;
The other, though lovers may grieve,
Is naught but a dream.

One, the partaker of life
When pleasures are fair;
The other, no end to its strife—
Now, tell what they are.

STANZAS.

My hopes are like the evening cloud,
When morning leaves its parting ray;
Its beams are fair, its charms are proud,
But quick to fleet and fade away.
When, o'er that cloud the twilight's stealing,
Its charms, though short, again shall be,
But, when gone, my life's best feeling,
Who shall weep a tear for me?

My hopes are like the plant, whose leaves
Shall shrink from fear of grasp or touch—
That grasp is slight, that touch deceives,
The plant even mourns its charms as such.
Yet, o'er its boughs, new charms returning,
Bloom to scent the vale or lea;
But, when life's last light is burning,
Who shall weep a tear for me?

My life is like the bird that storms
Have caught in climes unknown before;
His notes are sad, his bosom sighs,
He pines for some more genial shore.

The air is fresh, with charms o'erflowing,
Again that bird o'er the earth shall flee;
But when my life's last hopes are panting,
Who shall weep a tear for me?

TO * * * *.

If memory can for ever erase
Those charms with lovelier beauties fraught,
And stanch the tears of other days,
Which hopes and earlier dreams have brought.

If memory can for ever expell
Those recollections bright, nor few,
'Tis time to break the ensanguined spell,
And bid the maddening theme adieu.

Yet, oh! if memory has one tear,
Or sorrow left one charm to thee,
It were to find thee still more dear,
When thou must now be naught to me.

SONNET.

FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

Do the stars that shine on high,
Whilst you gaze upon the sky,
Say thou art a beauty here,
Fashioned for a brighter sphere ?

And do those gems resemble thee,
Twinkling now through bower and tree ?
Yes, my fairest, thou art bright,
And pure as Stella's fairest light.

TO * * * .

Since last we met, those eyes of thine
Have seen full oft the rounds of bliss ;
And the heart I now resign,
Unchanged its hopes, for love like this.

It must be so, yet say when ever
O'er the fields' wild heath you roam,
Shall thy thoughts rebounding never,
Bring you to that earlier home —

Where, o'er heath and gardens roaming,
With heart in heart, and hand in hand,
As far as stood the upland gloaming,
Who saw the earth and sky expand.

Then, oh, then if spring's fresh flowers
Bloomed to add one beauty more,
Their charms but told me of happier hours,
Of love prolonged, and bliss in store.

And when soft the steamlet sighing,
Bounded joyous on its way,
Heard we not the birds replying,
Our hearts as true, as pure as they?

But those dreams have fleeted, faded,
And my hopes and prospects left,
Shall wander on, uncharmed, unaided,
Of love's young joyous smile bereft.

Then fare thee well, and, oh, when standing
Near that silvery, silent stream,
Heed thee not the birds' remanding
Back thy first love's early dream.

FINIS.



